

SOLDIER BOYS SAVE A CREW.

Garrison at David's Island Turns Out to Face a Tempest.

TUG BLOWN OFF ROCKS.

Pilot and Men Rowed Ashore by the Fighting Men in a Life Boat.

STEAMER MONTAUK IN PERIL

With Seventy Scared Passengers She Arrives in Bridgeport Twenty-four Hours Overdue After a Struggle with Fog and Wind.

Fog and gale contributed two exciting mishaps to the shipping in the waters round about New York yesterday.

The army, moist blanket that hung over the city in the early morning and delayed the ferries and "L" trains extended up the Sound and helped a fierce easterly gale to wreck a big tug near City Island, and to imperil the lives of seventy passengers on board the steamer Montauk, which piles between Greenport, L. I., and New York.

The Montauk arrived at reeport yesterday morning twenty-four hours overdue, having left her pier at Peek Slip on her regular time—5 o'clock Saturday afternoon—with about seventy passengers, most of whom were women.

The steamer had not proceeded far in the teeth of the gale, when at 7 o'clock in the evening, the captain was obliged to run into Sea Cliff Harbor for shelter. At 1 o'clock on Sunday morning she made another start, but had not gone far when the gale was renewed with increased fury.

Many of the passengers were seasick, and all became terror-stricken, fearing that the boat was going to the bottom at each pitch.

A huge wave which broke over the bow carried away much of the loose gear and demolished the windows in the forward saloon. Men and women in despair threw themselves about the decks and in the saloons in the greatest disorder.

As soon as the vessel could be turned around she was headed for Bridgeport, where she remained until yesterday morning, when she proceeded to Greenport with her passengers, who were very wet and bedraggled.

On Sunday night, a seventy-foot tug went ashore on the rocks between City Island and David's Island and its crew of five men and the pilot were rescued by soldiers from Fort Slocomb with great difficulty.

It was 10 o'clock when the sentry patrolling the Government wharf at Fort Slocomb heard cries of "Help!" and saw distress rockets shooting into the air.

Word was quickly passed to the garrison that a vessel was on the rocks, whereupon Sergeant Powell and five soldiers manned the garrison's life boat known as the "Whaleback" and started for the wreck.

The water was very rough and the fog so heavy that the life saving crew had all they could do to keep afloat. They finally managed to come in sight of the vessel and observed that it was a tug belonging to a New York construction company and had two heavily loaded tow barges in tow.

It could be seen by the light of lanterns that the stern was under water, and that the crew were on top of the cabin. Hopes were thrown to the tug, but on account of the heavy swell one missed. Finally a life line was fastened to the stock, and one by one the crew managed to reach the soldiers on the "Whaleback."

The rescued crew were landed at the New Rochelle dock, and they immediately left for New York.

The smokestack and pilot house of the tug are still protruding out of the water. An effort will be made to raise her tomorrow. Fort Slocomb soldiers are considered a blessing all along the Sound, as they are constantly making daring rescues.

JUST MISSED A CENTURY.

Rev. Otis Wing Dies at the Age of Ninety-Nine—Missouri's Oldest Episcopal Minister Dead.

Amesbury, Mass., May 3.—Rev. Otis Wing, who celebrated his ninety-ninth birthday on April 10, is dead, after an illness lasting since that date. Mr. Wing has baptised over 1,000 converts. He preached at South Boston, and organized his first church there. In Chatham he organized three churches and built three meeting houses.

At East Haven, during five years of labor, he founded a church and baptised over one hundred converts. He went to what was then the Far West and preached in Battle Creek, De Kalb and Lodi, Michigan, establishing a church in each place. He returned to New Hampshire and preached in Hampton Falls and South Hampton, and later in Merrimac, Mass., where he organized another church.

St. Louis, May 3.—Rev. Edward Fairfax Berkeley, D. D., the oldest Episcopal minister in the Missouri Diocese, died at an early hour to-day as the result of a severe cold. He was eighty-four years of age, forty of which he had passed in the ministry.

LAW LIGHT ON RAINES VICTIMS

Magistrates Inclined to "Go Slow" and "Be Easy."

THEY FEAR "PRECEDENTS."

Absolutely Refuse to Send Intoxicated Prisoners to Special Sessions.

MOTT WAS MOST SEVERE OF ALL.

Police Grant the Waldorf and Holland House an All-Night License, but Refuse a Bowery Applicant.

Excise was the chief feature on every court calendar yesterday, and the rag-tag and bobtail of petty offenders, peace-breakers, pickpockets and the like, who usually give tone to police tribunals the morning after a metropolitan Sabbath, sat in back seats and felt themselves little as well as wicked.

The Magistrates went as carefully in dealing with the new law and its violators as an elephant does about crossing a strange bridge. One after another, in some courts, men who under the old regime would probably have been held for trial marched out of court with wise smiles upon their faces, and winking the other eye. The Magistrates were avoiding, so far as judicial latitude permitted, the establishment of precedents and the furnishing of ground for test cases.

As for the section of the amended law which declares that every man with a jag "has a misdemeanor on," and must be tried in Special Sessions, the Magistrates had decided at their last meeting to fly in the face of that, and conduct business in the old way. And they held to the agreement, though the Raines measure expressly says that all acts conflicting with its provisions are repealed. The "next morning" prisoners paid the customary fines of from \$3 to \$10. The right of trial by jury is not yet abrogated in practice.

The Law Still a Puzzle.

So, the first trial of its enforcement over, the law still remains a big bundle of mystery, and no man, not even the president of the Police Board, presumes to cut the string which holds it.

The police, from Chief Conlin down, had heard their say and done their do. It remained for the Justices to give ultimate complexion to the whole business. "We shall continue under the Wild act," said Magistrate Brann, at the Tombs Court, "until our next meeting on May 6. We do not believe the Legislature ever meant it to be repealed, or that cases of intoxication should be heard exclusively in Special Sessions. Such procedure might keep a man in the Tombs for a week awaiting trial on a simple charge of having drunk too much. The Tombs would not accommodate the prisoners, and the court would be clogged and helpless within a week."

Magistrate Crane, in the Essex Market Court, counseled the police to go slow in making arrest for Excise law violations and be sure they were right before going ahead. It was foolishness, he said, to arrest saloon keepers for not taking down their partitions on such short notice.

Magistrate Duell, in Harlem, gave similar decisions. It was generally understood by the saloon men that they were to have until Tuesday to do away with the partitions. Magistrate Mott, at Jefferson Market, vouchsafed no interpretation of the law, but held all persons charged with breaking it in \$1,000 bail.

Courtright Left in Command.

Chief Conlin's absence from town left Deputy Chief Courtright to wear the official expression of contentment, and voice the official joy at the way in which the first Raines Sunday had been gotten over. After the police courts had disposed of all the charges which his men had made, the Deputy Chief said: "The returns satisfy me that the law has been properly enforced."

"Will the police authorities confer with the Building Department about spaces and partitions?" he was asked.

"No. A Constable has to do with the building laws, but not with the excise, any more than the police have to do with the enforcement of the building laws. He might sanction one-inch walls, and be observing the building law, but such walls do not fit with the provisions of the Raines law."

The Police Commissioners avoided yesterday the expression of individual opinions on the new law. Commissioner Frank Moss said: "The Board has not yet taken the matter up, nor discussed it in any way. At the next meeting, on Wednesday, Chief Conlin's official report will be submitted and acted upon. Doubtless there will, at that meeting, be a discussion of the question in all its bearings."

Deputy Chief Courtright called all the inspectors together in the morning and cau-



Mutto Illustrates with an Umbrella His Terrible Sword Defence.

Reno Mutto, a young Japanese, and his friend, Dey Aplingham, fought with five men in Sands street, Brooklyn, yesterday morning. Aplingham carried a long sharp sword, and when one of the men tried to take it away from him Mutto pulled it from the scabbard. He almost cut the fingers from one of his assailants, nearly amputated the arm of another, and brought the weapon down fiercely upon the head of a third. Mutto escaped without a scratch.

COLLIS ON PORTER.

Says if the Latter Had Been in the Field He Would Have "Seen" as Well as "Heard" Firing.

The controversy between General Horace Porter, now publishing reminiscences of "Campaigning with Grant in the Wilderness," and General Collis, Commissioner of Public Works, who commanded a brigade there, bids fair to become interesting.

General Porter is charged with having trusted to his memory rather than to his memoranda concerning the events of that campaign. General Porter recently stated in an article that the then Colonel Collis was directed to make a dash on the enemy in the absence of the commanding general. The situation had become somewhat serious, as a force of Confederates in the gap were between two widely separated Union army corps.

In a vigorous response General Collis says that his men were on the spot and by his own individual orders promptly drove the rebels away, for which he was thanked by Grant and Meade. The strong point in General Collis's rejoinder is the forty-line quotation from General Porter's first account of the affair, published six years ago and now on file in the archives of the Loyal Legion. General Porter is quoted:

ELECTRIC BOLT'S PRANKS.

It Runs from a Trolley Supply Wire Into a House, Causing Much Alarm.

New Haven, Conn., May 3.—Electricity played strange pranks last night at the home of L. Janswick, No. 81 Whaley avenue. While the family sat in the parlor a bolt of electric light flashed through the room with a deafening report, overturning a heavy tea table in the dining room and smashing the chinaware into fragments.

Mrs. Janswick was overcome by the shock and a lady visitor fainted. The crash created consternation in the neighborhood. The accident was caused by the breakage of the supply wire of the Fairhaven & Westville Electric Road across the street.

It is thought that electricity must have followed the rainwater from the pavement to the house and thence along the gas-pipes into the room. It is the first accident of the kind known to trolley men.

MINING IN MAIDEN LANE.

Jeweller Kohn Tore Up the Floor to Get Gold Dust—The Owner of the Property Objects and Sues.

A learned court was called upon yesterday to determine how far a man may go in the wild scramble for wealth to get the dust.

The dust in question is worth it. The plaintiff, the New York Realty Company, charges that the defendants, Alois Kohn & Co., gold chain manufacturers, burned the floor and walls of the quarters they were vacating, at No. 11 Maiden lane, in order to reclaim the particles of yellow metal that in their twenty-seven years' occupancy had become embedded in the hardwood boards. So many fine points are involved in the controversy that Supreme Court Justice Andrews, before whom the matter came on injunction proceedings, reserved his decision.

The building was to be torn down and the firm was ordered to vacate. Before going Mr. Kohn decided that there was gold in the old walls and floor, and had them removed, saved into proper lengths and sent to a refiner. The owners of the property also thought the same way, and, bearing of Mr. Kohn's action, brought an injunction.

The firm had already accomplished what they wished to and replaced the flooring and walls with new material. The Realty company has, however, brought a suit for \$2,000 damages, and while the injunction is no longer of use the costs are now thought important enough to cause two lawyers to scramble about who shall pay them. Mr. Kohn yesterday said:

"When I moved into that building I put down the floor, so, when I moved out, I took it up. I may get \$1,000 worth of dust out of it, and I may get only \$100 worth. The Realty company apparently thought there was millions in it—a regular gold mine."

Drank Themselves to Death.

Wilmington, Del., May 3.—Patrick McAteer and Michael Gillin died at the Delaware State Hospital for the Insane yesterday. They drank themselves to death. Last Thursday they stole a cask of whiskey from a freight car, and in three days drank two gallons each. The theft of the whiskey has brought an epidemic of mania upon among the tramps in the coast section of the city.

JAP'S SWORD WON AGAINST FIVE.

Terrific Hand to Hand Battle in a Brooklyn Street at Daybreak.

SWORDSMAN FELLED TWO.

Mutto Also Slashed a Third, Who Fled as a Policeman Stopped the Melee.

HURT HIS FRIEND BY ACCIDENT.

The Little Oriental Says the Fine Man Tried to Rob Him and Aplingham—Three in a Hospital.

A diminutive Japanese, Reno Mutto, who is one year short of being of age, repelled the attack of five stalwart men on himself and his friend, Dey Aplingham, in Brooklyn yesterday morning, by the dexterous use of a sword. It is a lengthy weapon, measuring three feet two and a half inches from end to end, and is as sharp as a razor.

Policeman James McLaughlin was attracted to the vicinity of Gold and Sands streets at 3 o'clock by the cries of a party of battling men. He was in time to see three men lying in a heap on the sidewalk. Beside them stood Mutto, hatless and defiant, holding a gleaming sword above his head.

As the policeman approached, the sword descended on the head of another man who had attempted to grapple with Mutto. The weapon crashed through the man's hat, at which he took to his heels and disappeared over Gold street. Two other men accompanied him in his flight.

Policeman McLaughlin found the fallen men bleeding profusely from cuts made by the sword. He had them removed to the Brooklyn Hospital. They there gave their names and addresses as Dey Aplingham, No. 164 Sands street; George Moss, No. 135 Nassau street, and Benjamin Peete, No. 228 Adams street.

It was found that Moss's left arm was injured terribly at the elbow. The joint was almost severed. Peete had three fingers on each hand cut so severely that Surgeon Hussey was in doubt as to whether he would not be obliged to amputate them. Aplingham suffered from a deep incision in the right leg.

Mutto was arraigned in the Adams Street Court and committed to the Raymond Street Jail.

Wounded by the Men.

"My friend, Dey Aplingham, who is thirty years old, lived at No. 164 Sands street," said Mutto in the jail yesterday. "I live there also. It is a Japanese boarding house. We visited our mutual friend, Mr. Sieto, at No. 134 High street, early in the evening. On our way home we noticed we were followed by five big, broad-shouldered men. They tracked us to our very door. Once in the house we suddenly recollected that a gentleman had loaned us a sword to guard at a party we had in the house on Saturday night. He had told us to be sure to return the sword before Tuesday. It was encased in a wooden scabbard."

"We started out of the house with the sword. At the door we were again met by the five men. We stopped in a saloon, and the men followed us. One of them, who called us in a friendly way, and we had several drinks. As it was too late to go to our friend's house, we again started for home. Right in front of the door one of the party threw his arms about both our necks while another tried to take the sword away from Aplingham, who held it. The man in front only got the scabbard, as I pulled at the sword. The man who held me tried to get the weapon away, but I drew it through his hands, and he fell on the sidewalk with a yell."

"I raised the sword above my head just as Aplingham was thrown on the sidewalk and was pounced upon by two of the party. One of them was feeling for Aplingham's watch."

"I made a stroke and cut through the arm of the biggest fellow. The same blow struck Aplingham somewhere, I think in the leg. The man who had his fingers cut was about to rise when one of the others, who rushed at me, stumbled against him and knocked him over the two who were lying down. The same man made another rush at me and I hit him a good blow on the middle of the head with the edge of the sword. If he had not interfered I could have slit him to the neck. Seeing the policeman coming he ran, followed by the two whom I had not injured."

Mutto said he took fencing lessons at No. 164 Sands street and at No. 57 West Twenty-second street. New York and both of which places are Japanese headquarters.

At the Brooklyn Hospital it was said that neither of the three victims was in a condition to be seen. Moss and Peete told the surgeon and the police they did not try to rob the two Japanese, but, on the contrary, were attacked by them. They are ironmoulders. They refused to say anything about their three comrades.

Mutto is an importing agent for house Japan, and is a correspondent for the Mainichi, a newspaper of Osaka, Japan. His Japanese friends secured an attorney for him last evening.

FISTS RAISED BY ANGRY DOMINIES.

Took Three Bishops to Keep Order at an African M. E. Meeting.

ROW OVER A LOST SHEEP.

Pastor Hurst Wanted an Erring Deacon Punished and Thought Dr. Jonifer Too Easy.

"DON'T YOU CALL ME A LIAR!"

Then Sleeves Were Rolled Up and War Was Declared, but the Powers Interfered Before a Drop of Blood Was Shed.

Baltimore, May 3.—It required the united efforts of three bishops to keep Dr. J. H. Jonifer and Rev. John Hurst from a lively pugilistic combat to-day in the Baltimore conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church this morning. It all occurred over an erring brother, whom Dr. Hurst wanted to have expelled for misappropriating church funds.

Henry H. Sharp, a few years ago appeared before the officers of Waters Chapel, one of the leading churches of the A. M. E. connection, and declared that he was tired of crap shooting and wanted to live a Christian life. He was accepted as a full-fledged member and put to work, but it was not long before he fell from grace. He was a smart young man; could write and read well, and hence was trusted to attend to the business of the church.

Times got hard in church circles. They needed money and authorized Sharp to borrow \$300 from a building and loan association for sixty days. At the expiration of the time the church was able to refund the money, and told Brother Sharp, who had been promoted to the office of local deacon, to go and settle the debt. It was at this point that he fell from grace.

Kept the Money Himself.

He turned the money over two or three times and then converted it to his own use. He executed a receipt from the association and handed it to the trustees. His case was referred to the Judiciary Committee and Dr. Jonifer reported that the matter should have been settled by the church.

At this point Mr. Hurst arose and said: "You have failed to do your duty, sir."

"I have not; you misrepresent the truth grossly," was the reply from Dr. Jonifer. "Don't you tell me that in any such polite way," said Mr. Hurst, rolling up his sleeves and starting toward Dr. Jonifer. Bishops Salter and Arnold held Mr. Hurst back, while Bishop Handy took charge of Dr. Jonifer.

After order had been restored Bishop Handy said: "I am surprised at you elders, and you should be turned out of church. Sharp has sinned and he should be punished. This matter had better come up in executive session. I rule it all out, and will hear it tomorrow in close session. You elders had better get together and settle this matter before to-morrow, or you will be dispelled for bringing disgrace upon yourselves."

HOW TO STOP A STORM.

An Ingenious Austrian Grape Grower Disperses Threatening Clouds by Exploding Mortars on the Hillsides.

Washington, May 3.—The unsuccessful attempts made by the would-be rainmakers in the United States to bring down showers when wanted have induced an ingenious Austrian grape grower to reverse the American theory. An account of his experiment is given by United States Consul Stephan, at Annaberg, in a report to the State Department.

The Austrian owned extensive vineyards situated on the southern slope of the mountains, in a locality often visited by destructive hailstorms. Galvanized wire netting was too expensive, so he decided to test the plan of causing explosions to drive off the hailstorms.

He erected six stations on prominent mountain summits, commanding a territory about two miles in extent. Each station sheltered ten mortars and a corps of volunteers handled them. At a given signal all the mortars were fired off and the continuous detonations in a few moments caused a sudden reaction in the movements of the threatening clouds.

The cloud wall opened up funnel-like; the mouth of the funnel began to rise in the form of consecutive rings, expanding gradually until all the clouds scattered and entirely disappeared. No hail nor even a sudden downpour of rain fell. The same experience was gone through six times last summer.

Hunt Library Fund Tied Up.

Nashua, N. H., May 3.—The closing of the New Hampshire Banking Company, which action was taken last week, has tied up \$12,500 more of the Hunt Library Fund. Twenty-five thousand of this money was tied up in the Mechanics Bank and in the Nashua Savings Bank, and this makes the third fourth of the \$50,000 that is not now available.



MAGISTRATE MOTT IMPARTIALLY HOLDING ALL EXCISE VIOLATORS IN \$1,000 BAIL EACH.